

John Q lost his job, & then

his unemployment check,
his wife, his car, &
medical insurance.

No hope now, though
the children visit. Exit-

ing with sneers. Terminal-
ly bitter, he consults

the Anti-Giru, who crashes
in a hole, no snowy peak.

How can I insure, J. Q. begs,
that I can keep on being
abjectly screwed to death?

"Proclaim this Yankee-Doodle
Mantra," exhorts the prophet:
"Privatization! Globalization!"

& John Q thereupon doth witness
angels singing chords that weave
a rapturous circle of those words.